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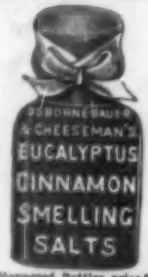

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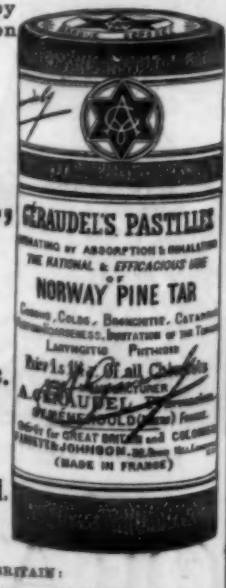

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PEACE AND PLENTY.

NOTES FROM THE MENU CARD OF TORY, M.P.

Hôtel Métropole, Wednesday Night.—Dinner in Whitehall Rooms to celebrate completion of railway communication between Natal and South Africa. Occasion important; list of guests comprehensive; all the Colonies represented, whilst DON JOSÉ, home from historic Spain, happily typified the paternal British Lion glad to see its cubs around it. WALTER PEACE, Agent-General for Natal, is the Amphitryon—*le véritable Amphitryon où l'on dîne.* As SARK says, "With PEACE in the Chair and Plenty on the table, what more can one desire?"

An excellent dinner, marked by an innovation against which protest cannot be made too early. Between the *entrée* and the joint cigarettes served. Worse still, they were lit and smoked; timidly at first, but weak-minded men seeing others start also made themselves uncomfortable. Room soon filled with poisonous smoke of tobacco and paper. I like a cigar at dinner, or even two—in proper place. This spoiling of the palate midway through a meal was wanton flying in the face of Providence who had next provided excellent saddle of Welsh mutton. Custom of interpolating cigarette has not even colonial origin to recommend it. "KICKY" likes it, 'tis true. But the British public scornfully asks, "Who's KICKY?" and will be no wiser if I tell them he's a capitalist.

Joe Chamberlion encouraging the Colonial Cubs.

After dinner, speeches. For a man whose breast is blazoned with Victoria Cross, never saw anyone in such a funk as REDVERS BULLER when he rose to reply to toast to the Army. Knees shook; manly cheek blenched; evidently moment when he contemplated turning his back on foe and bolting. But pluck of British soldier prevailed, and he pulled through. If alternative were open to him, would rather have gone through the Ashantee Campaign again, or worked his way once more through the sad Soudan.

Nothing of this feeling apparent in demeanour of old friend MARTIN F. TUPPER. General impression is that, like SHAKSPEARE, he is dead. All a mistake; only changed his estate; dropped his earlier initials; assumed name of CHARLES, with a baronetcy, the G.C.M.G., the C.B., and the High Commissionership of Canada. Talks prose now instead of poetry. But the old style indelible, ineradicable. His speech to-night marked by all the prosy, kindly, commonplace verbosity of the Proverbial Philosophy of his earlier state.

DON JOSÉ, rising to respond to toast of his health, met with hearty reception. Misguided man at end of room proposed to greet him as "a jolly good fellow." Effort well meant; had the songster managed, at outset, to strike right note, the thing might have been done. As it was inappropriateness of this particular hymnal, combined with a certain flatness in the opening notes of the songster, chilled the choir. As SARK says, "jollity not precisely the quality one associates with JOE." So the melody, after feebly fizzling round the tables, was drowned in burst of laughter.

Occasion was, as DON JOSÉ remarked, first time he had publicly appeared in capacity of Minister for the Colonies. In every way a happy one. A gathering representing the uttermost corners of the Empire, each vying with the other in loyalty to Crown. New Secretary, with easy grace, rose to height of situation. Struck lofty note in his picture of our fellow-subjects throughout the world recognising the great inheritance that has befallen them by mere virtue of their citizenship. "They must feel," he said, in ringing voice that found echo in the crowded room, "that no separate existence, however splendid, could compare with that they enjoy equally with ourselves as joint heirs of all the traditions of the past, joint partakers of all the influence, resources, and power of the British Empire."

A speech not too long, splendidly pitched, admirably phrased, full of the old Palmerstonian ring, and yet, if closely examined, signifying nothing likely to embarrass a Minister in future relations either with Colonies or foreign powers. Just the thing for the hour, and the place. Full of promise for fresh triumphs for DON JOSÉ on the new pathway he surprised some people by selecting as his own.

After the Colonial Secretary, the Lord High Admiral. DON CURRIE, also, though in quite a different way, in his best form. Could not look upon him as with clasped hands, and eyes upraised to a perturbed firmament, he protested against continued absence of imperial subvention of mail packets to the Cape, without thinking what a tragedian is here lost to the stage!

Threw quite a fresh light on the Spanish Armada. "Why," he exclaimed, "the Spanish Armada, with the assistance of Portugal and Mexico, did not include as many ships as are under my management in the Castle fleet!"

"Let us be grateful," said SARK, as the man in the hat and cloak department handed him through the pigeon-hole someone else's overcoat, "that Don CURRIE was not born before his time or out of his place. Had he been a subject of PHILIP THE SECOND, he would certainly have commanded the Armada. In which case the whole course of history would have been changed, and to-day Great Britain would have been even as Cuba."

THE NEW WOMAN IN SOMERSET.

(*Told by the Old Woman at the Farm.*)

'TWERE market day, and JOHN were late,
I thart o' steppin' out up t' hill,
When there in t' road, 'gin barton gate,
I see a body, sim faint and ill.
'Twere one o' these yer cyclist folk,
Us ha'n't sin much on 'em Quantock way,
But ROBERT to Lunnon, he 've often spoke
O' women in breeks—more shame, I say.
Well, there! 'twere one on 'em, sure as sure;
Look fair a-doneded—her must ha' bin—
So, breeks or no, when her knock on t' door,
"Wark in," I says to her. "Plase to wark in."

Her 'd a summat to eat and drink, and then
Her do tark so fast as a chatter-pie
'Bout 't rights o' women, and tyrant men,
I telloe, her fair a-flummoxed I.
Such a power o' words, sim Latin and Greek,
As you couldn't tell up not one in ten,
And her said as us art for to vote and speak,
And be in t' Parliament, same as men.
And a tarr'ble plenty o' nonsense more—,
The things some folk do get putt'n about
Afore JOHN come home, us opened t' door,
And "Wark out, wull ee?" I says, "Wark out!"

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—The Hampshire County Council is dubious whether it should surrender the title of "County of Southampton" to the great borough, which Sir CHARLES SCOTTER has so greatly benefited. Why not call the county Cockhamptonshire, a cognomen which would *en-hants* its supremacy over the district with a similar, but northern appellation? Those sensible county magnates the Messrs. PORTAL are always open to a practical suggestion.

Song for the Shipbuilding Trade.

(*On the Clyde.*)

[What is called a "sympathetic" lock-out has been carried out by the employers on the Clyde, in consequence of a strike on the Larne at Belfast].

Labour (*after a celebrated model*), *loquitur*:—

I sits with my hands in my lap,
And if any one axes me why,
I points out Belfast to the chap;
"It is 'sympathy' makes me," says I.

"SPEED THE PARTING, WELCOME THE COMING GUEST," OR "THE 'OUTS AND INS' OF IT."—Lord ROSEBERY left Sandringham, and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN arrived.

"O REFORM IT ALTOGETHER!"—The LORD MAYOR'S Show is a thing of the past. It was better done last Saturday than it has been on any recent occasion. But it would be "better done"—away with.

TO MR. CHAMBERLAIN AS COLONIAL MINISTER.—Many Happy Returns of his "Natal" Day.

"THE EYE OF THE LAW."

(Suggested by certain recent Cases in our Police Courts.)

"AU PIED DE LA LETTRE."

Customer (to famous Modiste). "I 'M PARTING WITH MY MAID, MADAME ALDEGONDE, AND I SHOULD LIKE TO GET HER INTO YOUR ESTABLISHMENT." *Madame A.* "WHAT CAN SHE DO?" *Customer.* "SHE 'S ALREADY A VERY DECENT DRESSMAKER." *Madame A.* "I 'M AFRAID, MADAM, THAT SHE WOULD NOT DO FOR MOST OF MY CUSTOMERS!"

ROUNDABOUT READINGS.

IN this depressing weather it is always well to have something to be thankful for. My own special subject for gratitude is the cessation and final end of the Marlborough-Vanderbilt wedding. All these columns of matrimonial gush which have been arriving by mail and cable from America have been sufficient to make even a good man curse his fellow-man, and retire to some other planet. Perhaps the young Duke himself ought not to be blamed. I know nothing against him except that he was arrested in New York for "coasting" on a bicycle, and that he has made one speech in the House of Lords. These are grave matters, no doubt, but they must not be allowed to blast a young man's career at its very outset.

NOR possibly are the VANDERBILTS altogether in fault. They possess many millions, and it is perhaps natural that they should desire to celebrate the marriage of their daughter by spending some of their dollars on diamonds, rubies, gold, silver, and exotic flowers. But what is offensive about the business is the morbid excitement of the American public. The American public may declare that it was not excited; but, in that case, it is difficult to understand why its newspaper proprietors should have flooded their columns with descriptive gush in which not even the bride's underclothing is spared from publicity.

MOREOVER, this marriage was rehearsed. I don't think I am putting the matter too strongly when I say that this constitutes an outrage not only on good taste, but on all proper religious feeling. I imagine the happy pair bowing and kneeling with their bridesmaids and attendants, and the weeping maiden aunts who are never absent from such a ceremony, going solemnly through the intricate maze of responses, while a mock clergyman reads a mock service and all the spectators indulge in a mockery of emotion and congratulation. For myself I would as soon re-marry a hearse, as rehearse a marriage.

THE whole business is, in fact, an illustration of that passion for tawdry display and vulgar ostentation in which the great American Republic seems to have gone not one but about a million better (or worse) than the parent stock. I sincerely hope that the supply of marriageable peers and American heiresses is now exhausted, and that we may hear no more of these international engagements.

I SPOKE last week of the undergraduate in relation to his dog. This week I should like to say a few words of the undergraduate in relation to his clothes. It seems to be generally imagined that the undergraduate is addicted to dressing himself out in the smartest possible clothes for his daily stroll along King's Parade or the High. Nothing can be further from the fact. The error is probably due to those splendidly inaccurate descriptions of university life with which novel readers have been of late perplexed. From these it might be supposed that the undergraduate was in the habit of changing his clothes some six times a day merely for purposes of display, and of reserving his very smartest suit for the daily visit that he pays to the gorgeous gambling-hells which are, as we all know, to be found by the score in the suburban districts of Oxford and Cambridge.

AS a matter of fact, the average undergraduate is, in matters of dress, the simplest of mankind. His great ideal is comfort, and as old clothes are naturally more comfortable than new, it is quite a common sight to see great Blues, presidents of clubs, shining lights of the river, the field, or the schools arrayed in Norfolk jackets, in trousers on which at least two winters have laid their defacing hand, and in shirts which, though of an immaculate cleanness, show evident signs of wear and tear in the cuff department.

IT must be remembered that the ordinary undergraduate only wears the clothes of civilisation for about half of every day. During the rest of the time he is to be found in the garb most appropriate to his athletic pursuits. In the case of a rowing man, these extend only to within six inches of his knees, and spectators have been heard to wonder how such large and heavy frames can be supported on so melancholy a deficiency of calves. I don't know how it is, but it is a fact that if a rowing man stands more than seventy-two inches in height, the girth of his calves will not exceed some ten inches.

IF in writing thus of undergraduate dress I have destroyed a cherished illusion, I can only express my regret; but I have a strong feeling that the truth should be at last made to prevail, even against the inexactitudes of university novelists.

THE MARVELLOUS FEAT OF TREE-ILBY SVENGALIVANISED!

"*Trilby's* tootsies! *Trilby's* feet!
There 's no mistake,
They take the cake,
Do *Trilby's* model feet!"
Chorus of Popular Nigger Song, adapted.

THE state of those who have read the novel before seeing the play, is gracious; the state of those who have seen the play without having previously read the novel, is the more gracious. *Svengali*, the weird, unwashed Hebrew, the fantastical, musical magician, so dominates the story, that the author of his being will be remembered as GEORGE *JEW* MAURIER. And *Svengali* the Satanical, marvellously impersonated by Mr. BEERBOHM TREE, stands out as the central figure of the strange unconventional drama at the Haymarket. It isn't *Trilby*, the hypnotised subject, but *Svengali*, the fearful "object," the dirty demoniac hypnotiser, on whom all eyes are fixed, and in whom the interest is centred. He is Shylock and Fagin, Mephistopheleszed; he is as loathsome as Hyde without Jekyl; he is the Spirit of Evil in the story of the Devil's Violin; he is the haunting, cringing fiend in the Shadowless Man; he is, in fact, the very Deuce himself.

Mr. Tree Svengalivanting. "You must learn to love me!"

"O don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt," is the "old song" which, at first, *Miss Trilby O'Ferrall* "cannot sing," but which, when hypnotised by Satanical *Svengali*, she does sing; and, with this, and with one or two other ancient ditties in her rather limited *répertoire*, she makes *Svengali's* fortune. The *Diva* is beaten and kicked by the savage *Svengali* (not in the presence of the audience) as if she were his slave, and he the brutal slave-driver. But, *why this treatment, if he has only to hypnotise her in order to render her obedient to his slightest wish?* It is, I suppose, considered necessary he should do so, in order to excite our compassion for his victim, the unfortunate *Miss Trilby*, and so to bring down upon him the just chastisement which is the immediate cause of his death. Otherwise, as *Svengali* has told her he loves her, and as she (hypnotised of course) becomes his wife, why this horrible ill-treatment? This seems to me to be the only weak point in the plot of Mr. PAUL POTTER's undeniably clever and most effective play. But surely *Svengali's* diabolically jealous hatred of "*Little Billee*," his successful rival in the affections of *Trilby* (when unhypnotised) would be sufficient motive for the brutal insult he inflicts on *Miss O'Ferrall's* faithful, but insignificant, little lover, and for which, at the hands of the strong man, *Taffy*, the fiend-like *Svengali* has to pay with his life.

"PAUL POTTER," a name hitherto historically associated with the celebrated "Bull," not Papal but pictorial, now about two centuries old, has hit the bull's-eye this time, and will realise a good round sum from JOHN "of that ilk." Thoroughly does PAUL deserve it for his audacious ingenuity and his daring disregard of dramatic conventionality. His third act, in which there is hardly any action until the second entrance of *Svengali*, is so contrived that a few persons narrating in dialogue what they are supposed to see happening off the stage, work up the excitement of the audience to such a pitch that they instinctively cry "hush!" in order that they too may join with the characters on the scene in listening to the voice of an invisible *Trilby* singing the hackneyed ditty "*Ben Bolt*"! This is a triumph due to the dramatist, to Messrs. LIONEL BROUGH (*The Laird*), Mr. EDMUND MAURICE (*Taffy*), and Mr. PATRICK EVANS (*Little Billee*), with Miss FILIPPI as *Madame Vinard*.

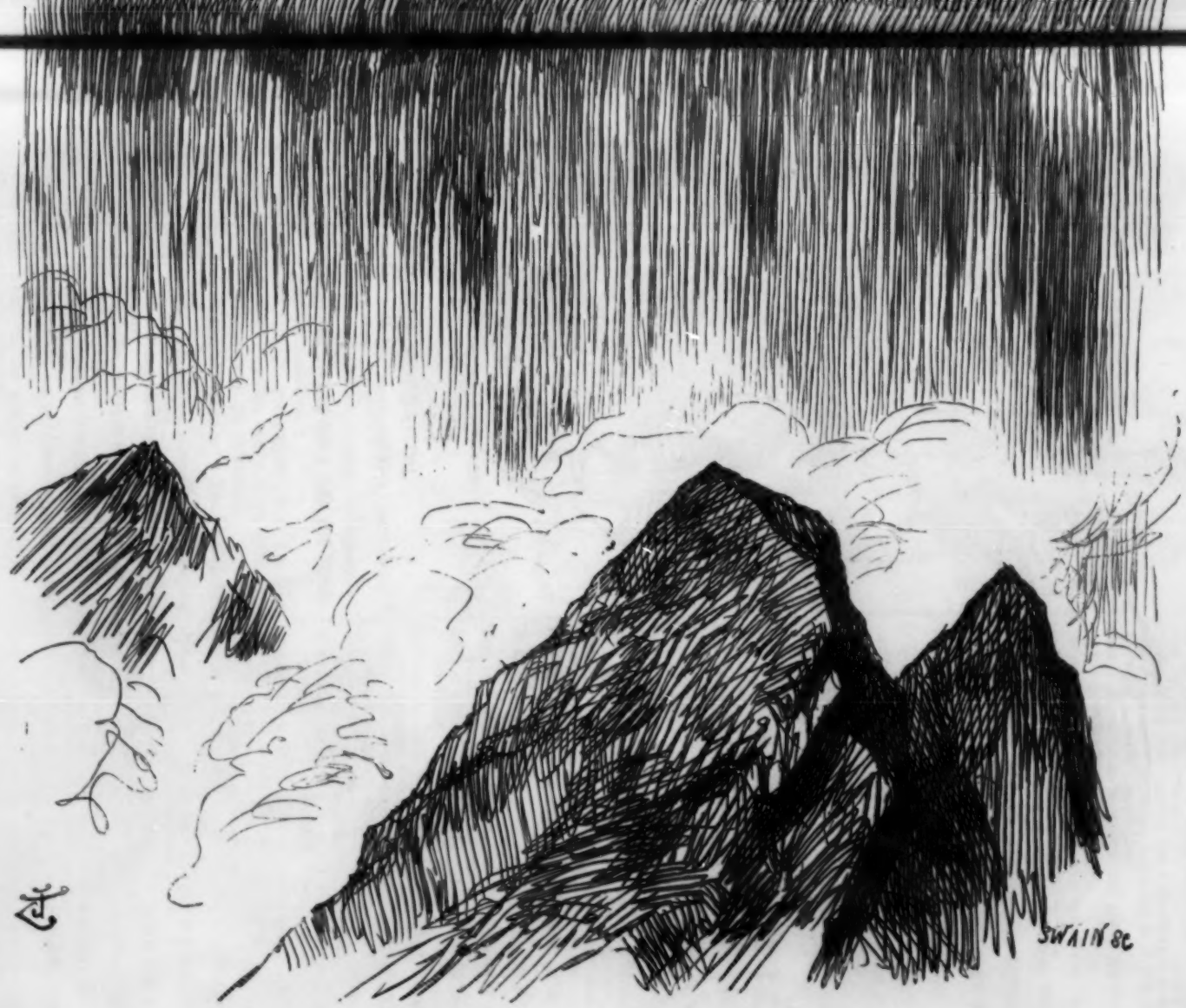
In this scene Mr. TREE's *Svengali* is no longer the squalid *Fagin*, but is like the old pictures of PAGANINI, the famous violinist, decked with the jewellery of the once celebrated "Mons. JULLIEN." Now comes the exhibition of *Svengali's* venomous hatred for *Little Billee*, in whose face he spits; a horrible and revolting thing to see done on the stage, even though we know he is "only purtendin'." For this disgusting exhibition of temper, he is half strangled by the Welsh giant *Taffy*.

Trilby, no longer under the hypnotic influence of *Svengali*, sings horribly out of tune; the audience are supposed to rise in their wrath and threaten to wreck the house (rather a strong order this, but, as I have hinted, what no other dramatist dares POTTER dares); and then the miserable *Svengali*, after writhing and twisting in his last agony, and "doing a back-fall" across a table with his head downwards towards the foot-lights, his breath shaken out of his body, his hair out of curl, his eyes staring horribly, dies,—a terrible topsy-turvy death never before seen on any stage.

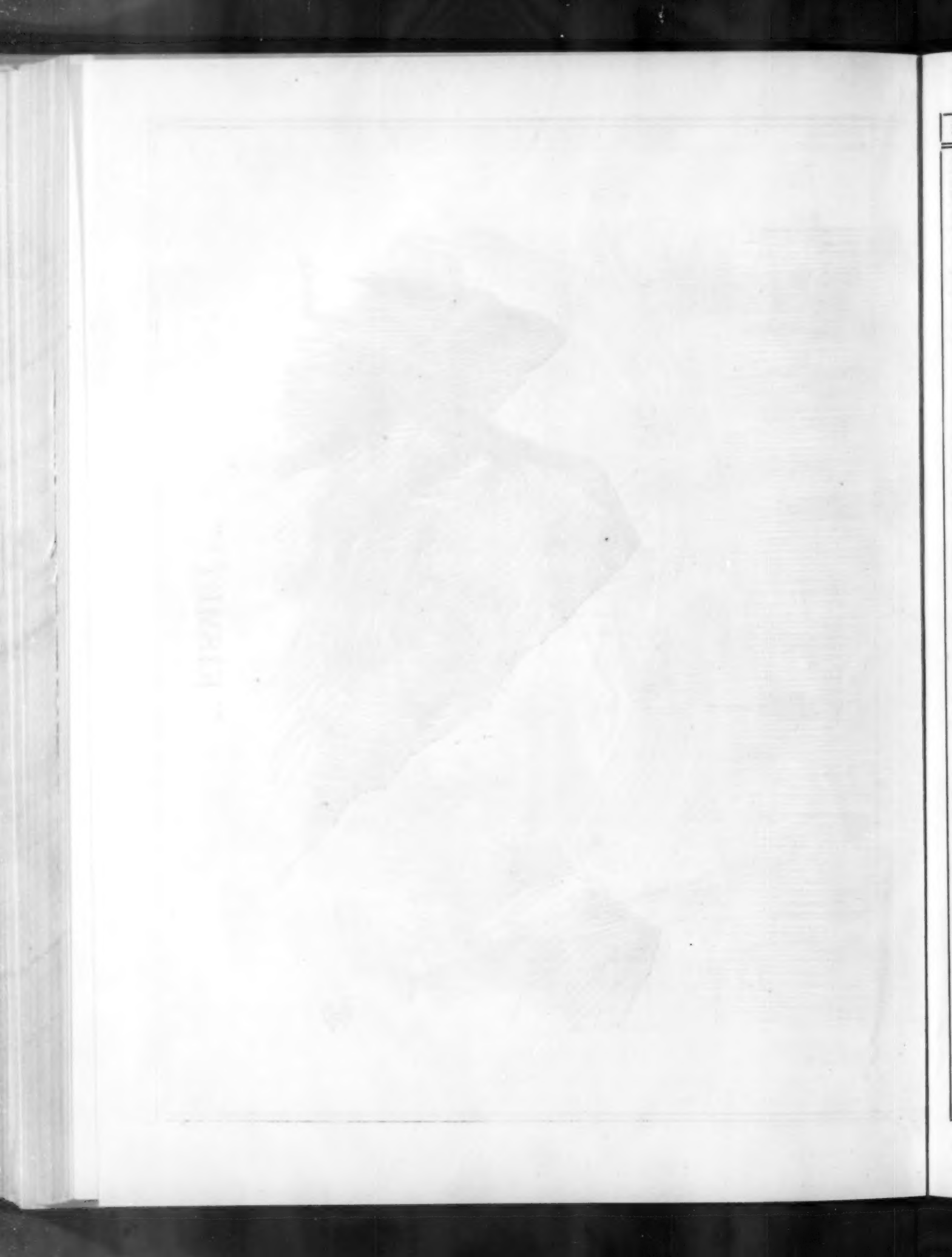
In the last Act poor ill-used *Miss O'Ferrall* also dies. The dramatist has prevented this scene from being an anti-climax, wherein lay the danger, by preparing the audience with a weird story told by *Zouzou* (Mr. HERBERT ROSS) of his having seen the ghost of *Svengali*, who, soon afterwards, appears as a portrait of himself—not "a speaking likeness," as he does not utter a syllable,—done in "luminous paint," within a picture-frame which has been forwarded as a nice little wedding present to *Miss O'Ferrall* on the eve of her marriage with *Little Billee*, accompanied by a letter in *Svengali's* handwriting, sent probably through the infernal agency of the Dead Letter Office authorities. Thus the Satanical *Svengali*, taking a hint from the Commendatore's statue in *Don Giovanni*, dominates the play till the final descent of the curtain.

"A Baird in the Haymarket is worth two in the Book." (*Signed*) P-L P-TT-R.

Miss DOROTHEA BAIRD, with naked tootsies exposed to the naked eye—she is henceforth "Miss DOLLY BAIRD-feet"—cannot be improved on as the pretty, gay, sad, much-suffering, hypnotised *Trilby*. Of all possible *Trilbys*, "BAIRD 's the Best." The play could not be better acted all round. The French *Duc*, formerly *Zouzou* the Zouave, is first-rate. Mr. CHARLES ALLAN, as a respectable English Archdeacon, finding himself in Bohemian Paris, is excellent. The success of *Trilby*, with her nude tootsies, may give new life to the ancient slang inquiry, "How 's your poor feet?"



“ KISMET ! ”



MODERN EDUCATION.

She (*to athletic cousin*). "Do you work much at Cambridge?"
He. "Yes; when I've time!"

CABBY; OR, REMINISCENCES OF THE RANK AND THE ROAD.

(*By "Hansom Jack."*)

No. XI.—CABBY'S NOTES ON NOVEMBER—FOG ON THE FIFTH—A PYROTECHNIC FARE—ASTRAY IN THE SUBURBS—FIREWORKS IN FOGLAND.

"Remember, remember, the fifth o' November"? You bet if there's any one does, 'tis a Cabby.
November's the month when all London's smudged out, and the Cockneyist driver runs wild as a babby.
Eugh! I could tell you some chump-chilling tales about life on the box in a London peasouper,
Which 'im who would stand, after twenty or so, must be 'ard as tin-tacks, and as tough as a trooper.

"Jimminy-whiz!" as Yank Mushgrubber puts it, our sububs in frost, *with* a fog, is tremenjous.
And arter a few 'ours cold crawl up to 'Ampstead, we long for a something to mend us *or* hend us,
We don't care much which, till the rum 'ot 'as warmed us. Ah! life is a matter of cumfable feeling,
And if it's wuth living or not is a question of temperytoor; that there ain't no concealing.

Wy, a chap warm, and one chilled to the marrer, is no more alike than hegg-flip and a hicicle.
Lose me about Peckham Rye in a fog, and I'd kick a stray dog, or knock over a bicycle.
Darkness as lets you drive *into* a lamp-post, and makes your shirt feel just like moist paper-mashy,
Would make a harkangel a porkypine; speshul if you've a lamp broke, and the branches are splashy.

You just take a saint or a syrup, and git 'im to drive a cross fare, in a fog, up to Streatham, [and if 'e don't let 'em
And find 'isself lost, running into a churchyard or up a blind halley,
Fly frequent and free, words beginning in d, and a few more loud letters, as bring conserlation
In trials and tantrums to cabbies *and* gents, you can make 'im arch-bishop without consecration!

I'm nuts upon good old November—sometimes—though, when fog isn't on, and there ain't *too* much drizzle,
A spin through the sububs about ten o'clock, on the fifth, when the place seems aflare and a fizzle
With bonfires and fireworks, and up through the tree-tops the rockets go whizzing and busting like winking;
Wy, somehow it makes me feel just like a boy again; not a bad feeling, at least to my thinking.

Some years agone, on a damp, misty Guy-night, a jolly-faced gent, with one eye, and a bundle
As looked like a parcel o' props, came towards me a-trottin' as brisk as 'is short legs could trundle;
"Take me to Tooting?" 'e garsps. "*At* a price, Sir," I arnsers 'im sharp. "Right!" sez 'e; "put a name to it!"
"Fog 's thickenin' up, Sir," I sez. "If you're game to say—so-much—I'm on." And the old gent *was* game to it.

Fust we 'd a liquor, and then 'e sez "Fireworks!" a-bossing 'is bundle with one heye a-glitter. [I sez with a titter,
"Don't blow us up, Sir. I ain't got no licence to carry hexplosives,"
"Young 'uns a-waiting at Tooting," 'e sez; "so drive sharp, and I won't be too tight on the pocket;
I do like a good firework frolic, with boys, though I blew this heye out—*as* a boy—with a rocket."

"Plucky old cock, and most pleasant!" thinks I, tooling off at full trot with old Brock. "Here's a barney!"
But I was a mossel too previous this time, as I jolly well found when arf way through my journey.
Just this side o' Balham the fog grew—well black! There ain't no other word for it. Black as Thames banks are,
And thick as their mud. If you ask *where* we got, you carn't know what a London Pertikler's queer pranks are.

We got *everywhere* save to Tooting, I fancy. Slap on to a common, bang into a river,
Or something dashed like it; I stuck to the box till *my* fingers were ice and my spine all a-shiver;
Then took out my lamp, and led *Molly* a mile or so. 'Twasn't no good. We pulled up in a modder,
Aside of a ditch wich I bloomin' near plumped in. "Hillo!" sez old Brock. "That was nearly a header!"

Tarblow Vivong! Not so very much *vivong*, though, seeing the lot was 'arf dead with the chatters.
"Well," sez old One-heye, "where *are* we, I wonder? Two guys—*without bonfires!* As mad as two 'atters
To try it so fur. 'Ave a nip! Ah! that's better. Don't grizzle! Neat brandy, like love and like ire, works
In warming one up. If we *could* draw attention. By Jove! 'Appy thought!! *We will let off some fireworks!!!*"

So said, and so done! Talk of pantermines! Scott! If you 'd seen hus two shivering, wropt-up, grey ghostes.
Like two steaming bundles, a fumbling around, fixing rockets and catherine-wheels to damp postes,
And striking of splutt'ring fusees, you 'd 'a' thought we was demons a doin' of Guy Fox's duties.
At last—*whizz!* Away went a couple of rockets a-rending the fog, reg'lar red-and-green beauties.

Don't talk of Der Fryshoots! We looked like a party of spooks celebrating the fifth in old bogland;
Wy even poor *Molly* pricked up 'er froze ears at this "Whistler-like picter of Fireworks in Fogland."
As old One-heye called it, wotever 'e meant. But it 'ad its effect though, for torches come flaring,
And voices come 'owling across the damp flats, to inquire wot it was that still neighbourhood scaring.

"Wy *Huncle!!!*" a sharp little nipper voice squeaks as the party drew nigh. Cries old Brock, "Wot, young Teddy!"
We wasn't a bow-shot away from the 'ouse where old One-heye was due, and the Guy-games all ready,
Though boshed by the fog! Talk of larfter and liquor! I don't think I ever felt dryer, *or* wetter,
But of both them taps, larf and lap, *I* don't care if on no Guy Fox night I don't get more, *or* better!

A TALE OF THE TOLL'D.

PRESENT Etonians ought to hail with delight the prospect of the approaching abolition of the Windsor Bridge Toll. A decade ago it caused—and, doubtless, does so still—many a precocious *D* to escape the lips of infuriated *Oppidans* going to town on Saturday-to-Monday "leave." Thus:—

SCENE—"*My dame's*" *house in Keal's Lane; wall-eyed, knock-knee'd, sleeping Rosinante attached to prehistoric Windsor* "*fly*," *with oldest inhabitant—also asleep—on box, waiting outside.*

TIME—*Winter: immediately after* "*early school.*" *Enter hurriedly three* Etonians *who take* "*fly.*"

First Etonian. Just six minutes for the train! (*Shouting at driver.*) To the station—and drive like blazes!

Second E. Drive like Jehu!

Third E. (*a wag*). "Drive" like W. G—hu! (Third E. *promptly sat upon by his companions.*)

[*Rosinante and* Driver *wake up and succeed in making astonishing pace up High Street, but pull up half-way across Windsor Bridge.*

First E. (*having forgotten the* "*toll*"). What in thunder are you pulling up for?

Driver. Toll, Sir.

Second E. Can't wait for the toll. Drive on!

[*But* HORATIUS *too good a* "*keeper*," *and exacts tax. Unwonted opulence of* Etonians, *who have nothing* "*less than a ten-shilling piece*": *consequent delay—nearly two minutes—for change. Chorus from Cab*——!!

[*They arrive in station to find train just steamed out. Chorus* ("*in which the* Driver *also joins*")——!!!

RESULT—*Next train not starting for an hour-and-a-half, that period is spent, with much consumption of consolatory cherry brandy, at* LAYTON'S.

So that the Windsor Bridge toll was altogether a demoralising institution.

FROM ERIN.

Restaurant Waiter. "BILL, SORR! YES, SORR. IT 'S FOIVE-AND-SIX-PENCE INCLUDING THE CIGYAR, AND THAT MAKES SIX SHILLINGS SORR!"

LAST WORDS.—Said the then LORD MAYOR (as reported in the *Standard*), now EX-LORD MAYOR, at the BARNATO Banquet given by his EX-Lordship, then Lordship, at the Munching House: "Whatever mistakes I might have made during the past twelve months, I am sure that I have made NO mistake this night. (*Applause.*)" Odd! Why, EX-Lord Mayor RENALS never made a greater mistake in thinking he hadn't made any mistakes, and no mistake!

NICE FOR COLD WEATHER.—"A Wrap o' the Knuckles" (suggested by *A Chill Widow*).

JOSEPH'S DREAM.

(*A New Song to an Old Setting.*)

[MR. CHAMBERLAIN has apparently satisfied himself that Imperial Federation is not a mere dream, as many among us and in the Colonies still regard it. Such dreams, he remarked, have a way of being realised. "It is a dream that appeals to the highest sentiments of patriotism, and even of our material interests. It is a dream calculated to stimulate and improve every one who cares for the future of the Anglo-Saxon race."—*Leeds Mercury.*]

AIR—"*Let me Dream Again.*" *New Colonial Minister carolleth*:—

OUR sun 's *not* setting, as fools said of late,
Nor shall it, whilst *I* stand at England's gate!
The cheers are ringing at the words I say,
As I point the Kingdom to the Federal way.
I say it appeals to our patriot sentiment,
And the Colonies are gathering round in calm content:
Is this a dream? Then waking would be pain.
Oh, do not wake me! Let me dream again!

The thought is striking, one to make man tower,
Of the Federation of Old England's power.
Our children grow up as time onward glides,
But though youth may pass away, home-love abides.
The Little-Englanders were wrong, somehow.
They said we must part; ah! but dare they say so now?
Is this a dream? Then waking would be pain.
Oh, do not wake me! Let me dream again!

GOLF is becoming quite the rage in the United States. A game which has been described as "hitting a ball in the morning and spending the afternoon in search of it" might have been thought too slow for Cousin JONATHAN. Not a bit of it. The lynx-eyed American eagle has developed a keen eye for the links, and the best green is said to be in the neighbourhood of Bunker's Hill.

GROSS INGRATITUDE TOWARDS TWO OLD PUBLIC FAVOURITES.—At Portsmouth municipal elections Messrs. COX and BOX were at the bottom of the poll in their respective wards.

THE IMPERIAL FEDERALIST'S VADE MECUM.

Question. Is not the idea of the Federation of the British Empire merely a dream?

Answer. Scarcely, since the matter has attracted the attention of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, who is hardly a visionary.

Q. Has public opinion anent the question seen any change of late?

A. Distinctly. The idea is at this moment popular. Ten years ago, what may now be called a dream was regarded as a nightmare.

Q. What is the chief difficulty in the way of Imperial Federation?

A. The varieties of race. A Canadian is scarcely an Australian, and there is little in common between a Hindoo and a native of the Cape.

Q. But cannot much be done in the direction of merging the cosmopolitan elements of the British Empire into one huge family by establishing under the shadow of the Union Jack the penny post?

A. Such is the opinion of Mr. HENNIKER-HEATON, M.P.

Q. And could not free trade for the colonies, as distinguished from protection applied to foreign countries, be successfully employed?

A. Such is the opinion of several Members of the Government.

Q. Has any other plan occurred to the patriotic statesman?

A. Yes; it has been believed that a general tax for the National Defence would be a bond of union between the colonies and the mother country.

Q. Does there not already exist a stronger tie than taxation?

A. Certainly. The Empire has a common friend, adviser, amuser, and instructor, beloved of all the world.

Q. Does, then, the profound respect felt for this popular personage keep the Empire in accord?

A. Unquestionably. The popular personage represents not only Britons at home, but Britons beyond the sea.

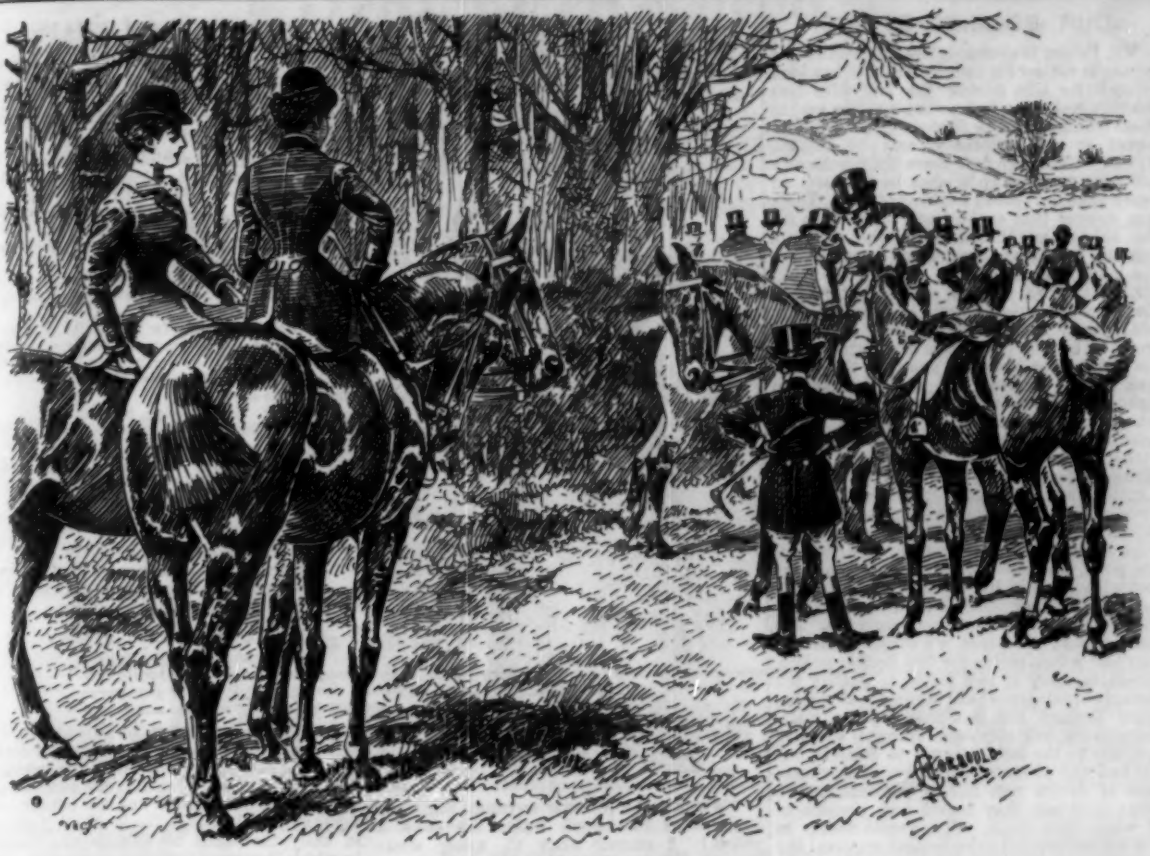
Q. And where is this popular personage found?

A. In every part of the colonies, in India, in China, in fact, everywhere.

Q. But has not this popular personage headquarters in London?

A. He has, at 85, Fleet Street.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY.—A key for the dead-lock in the shipbuilding trade.



THE COVER SIDE.

"LITTLE MR. TIMMINS EVIDENTLY THINKS THAT HAT SUITS HIM DOWN TO THE GROUND!"
"SO IT WOULD, IF HIS EARS DIDN'T STOP IT!"

CYCLING IN RUSSIA.

[The only lady-cyclist in St. Petersburg has lately met with an accident, and is now in hospital. The police will issue no more permits to women.]

FAIR *Bárinya*, why did you go and tumble off your wheel?
Your sad mishap has roused VON WAHL's and all his minions' zeal—
He vows that ladies now no more shall ride their horse of steel!

What was it that upset you? Was it, pray, the great *Prospékt*,
With those six-sided wooden blocks that here and there project,
Or else its three-mile tram-line, where your giddy "*sveeft*" was wrecked?

Or were you racing, 'gainst the rules, along the English Quay,
And trying to inaugurate a Russian Battersea,
Or threading the Milliónaya with over-rapid glee?

Perhaps 'twas on Yelagin Isle you were careering round,
And ran into the flower-beds or the ponds that there abound,
Or bumped against a drunk *muzhik*, that brought you to the ground.

Whate'er it was, the fact remains, your fatal lack of skill
In "Peter" future lady-bikes has stopped for good or ill—
Come over, then, to London, and enjoy your daily spill!

POKER CHIPS FROM THE GOLD COAST. — By rejecting Great Britain's *ultimatum*, the King of COOMASSIE has paid his "ante." The next move will—in all probability—be the surrender of his Ash-antee.

APPROPRIATE.—By what law are water rates settled? By Torren(t)s' Act.

A NEW TERROR IN THE LONDON STREETS.—The Policeman.

NAME! NAME!

THE example of Mr. 'ENRY HAUTHOR JONES, in dropping the JONES and sticking to the 'ENRY HAUTHOR, will probably be followed by Sir EDWARD BURNE-JONES, who will henceforth figure as Sir EDWARD BURN. Pity this idea never occurred to the renowned architect, INIGO JONES. How much nobler to remain in the annals of your country simply as "INIGO."

Isn't "JONES" a Welsh name? Will Cambria disown JONES? Oh, let the dramatist pause before it be too late 'Tis true that "a JONES by any other name will write as well," but he *has* written well enough as our own "'ENRY HAUTHOR," and we beseech him to spare his family tree, not to lop off a single bough, and to remain JONES till the last act is over, and the curtain descends to general applause. We can understand an author of the name of "DAM" changing his name, or altering it to "GRANDAM," but that JONES, successful, jubilant JONES, should do this thing! Nay, by our halidom! Let us give H. A. J. our own immortal advice, which applies as well to a person about to change his name as to a person about to marry—"*Don't!*"

Minor Critic on Minor Poet.

THIS Minor Poet is an ass,
As is the common way of them.
They're "fleshly," and "all flesh is grass";
And—that's why we "make hay of them"!

ON LORD SALISBURY'S MEMORABLE SPEECH AT THE LORD MAYOR'S BANQUET, NOVEMBER 9.—"Hope told a flattering tale."—*Old Song.*

SHAKSPEARE IN THE CITY (ADAPTED BY EX-LORD MAYOR RENALS).—"Let us hear BARNATO speak of this."—*Hamlet*, Act I., Sc. 1.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. PUNCH is obviously not the most fitting person to review his own history. It has been enough for him during the last fifty-four years to make it. But a word must be said in these columns of *The History of Punch*, just issued in a handsome volume by Messrs. CASSELL. Through four years Mr. SPIELMANN has been engaged upon what he indicates on every page has proved a labour of love. There was danger that enthusiastic admiration for the subject might induce in the author a fulsome tone that would have been fatal to the historical and literary value of the book. Mr. SPIELMANN happily avoids that pitfall. He is, upon occasion, sternly and, my Baronite adds, justly critical. But it is the personal traits in his story that will most attract. In his pages there live once more for the world, seen in the borrowed but skilfully managed light of intimate personal acquaintance, figures whose memories are ever enshrined in the hearts of those who still from week to week gather round the old "Mahogany Tree." MARK LEMON, SHIRLEY BROOKS, TOM TAYLOR, LEECH, KEENE, DOUGLAS JERROLD, The PROFESSOR, TOM HOOD, THACKERAY, DICKY DOYLE, WILLIAM BRADBURY, G. A. À BECKETT and, a generation later, his gifted son GIL—all, all are gone, the once familiar faces. They are met with again in Mr. SPIELMANN'S book, the pen and pencil sketches illustrated by admirably reproduced contemporary portraits. The inner history of *Punch* is a subject that has ever had a fascination for the British public. Attempts, more or less futile, to gratify the desired acquaintance have been made at various times through the last thirty years. Mr. SPIELMANN has not only brought singular aptitude to the task assigned to himself, but has had the advantage of the cordial assistance of divers men having personal knowledge of events they record and personages of whom they speak. *Mr. Punch* desires to add his testimony to the general approval the *History* has received by the voice of the Press. The work, full of difficulty and not without delicacy, is thoroughly well done. Looking at himself in the mirror held up by Mr. SPIELMANN, *Mr. Punch* finds no flaw in the glass.

My Baronite would not advise those about to travel to take passage by any ship, whithersoever bound, of the start whereof CLARK RUSSELL knows anything. His cruisers mostly set out in fine weather, with swelling breeze, in the full sunshine of circumstance. Then comes a hitch, and there follow the most blood-curdling adventures that ever happened since men first began to go down to do business in the great waters. The marvel of it is that Mr. RUSSELL'S imagination never flags, nor is he ever at loss for those minute details which, skilfully and artistically piled up, go to make a living picture. *Heart of Oak*, his last work, just published by CHATTO AND WINDUS, is worthy to take its place in the matchless roll of his sea stories. Of living writers Mr. RUSSELL, alike in style and method, most nearly approaches the classic standard of DEFOE. In his last work he has captured the stormy seas south of Cape Horn, brings home their turmoil, their snow squalls, their icebergs, and a general sense of their desolation to the gentleman of England who sits at home at ease. That historic person's opportunity of making acquaintance with those interesting parts is decidedly more agreeable and, under Mr. CLARK RUSSELL'S guidance, is scarcely less informing than a voyage in the *Lady Emma*, a vessel of six hundred tons, which was the sad fate of the principal characters in this thrilling story.

The Baron feels it incumbent upon him to correct a statement in Mr. T. H. S. ESCOTT'S most readable and interesting work, entitled *Platform, Press, Politics, and Play*, which, if allowed to go uncontradicted, would thereby allow a great error to creep into University and Dramatic History. Mr. ESCOTT says that the late Mr. ALFRED THOMPSON "had, together with several others, been one of the A. D. C.'s founders at Cambridge." This is not so; Mr. ALFRED THOMPSON had taken his degree, and "gone down," some four years before the A. D. C. was founded; *vide* preface to *Personal Reminiscences of the A. D. C.*, first paragraph, and also p. xi. of the same. Mr. ESCOTT is a most entertaining companion, as is also Mr. HENRY RUSSELL, whose profession was for years "entertaining," and who wrote such songs as the world will not willingly let die. "*Woodman Spare that Tree*" is one of them. The RUSSELL Reminiscences (published by MACQUEEN, in one volume, entitled "*Cheer, Boys, Cheer!*") the Baron must take leave to correct on one point. HENRY RUSSELL alludes to "that distinguished *Punch* trio, DOUGLAS JERROLD, MARK LEMON, and GEORGE CRUIKSHANK." The last mentioned was never "on *Punch*." He was a great friend of MARK LEMON'S, but never drew for *Mr. Punch*.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

P.S.—*Phil May's Winter Annual* is in brilliant bloom. Though coming out in the cold, bleak season, the touch of May is in every picture.

"WHAT! AN ACTRESS WITHOUT SHOES OR STOCKINGS! I NEVER HEARD OF SUCH A THING! I SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW WHAT PEOPLE WOULD SAY IF *I* WERE TO GO FLAUNTING ABOUT ON THE STAGE WITH BARE FEET!"

ANTI-BICYCLIST MOTTO.—Rather a year of Europe than a cycle of to-day.

SCRAPS FROM CHAPS.

PRESS-GANG, TO THE REAR!—A delicious "[exchange of views" took place at the election of Dungarvan Commissioners. Mr. RYAN is a gentleman who deprecates publicity. He observed:—

My heart is full of gratitude to you, and we will work hand in hand. Scribblers must take a back seat. (*Laughter.*) No "terrible scenes" will take place here. I saw Dungarvan placarded in London, "terrible scenes at Dungarvan," and all the disgrace is brought on the town by one man, who, for a few shillings—and if it cost me my life I will put it down. Woe to the man who will continue to do it here. I saw him a pot-boy at the Monks' school, and I say——

Mr. O'Shea. If you refer to me, Mr. RYAN, the people of Dungarvan know me better and respect me better than they do you. I am better off than you. You have only a few shillings a week for minding the shop.

Mr. Ryan. You are lying, Sir.

The Board broke up in disorder.

"Our 'scenes' to publish far and wide
Denotes a lack of local pride;
These scribblers I can *not* abide"—
Said RYAN of Dungarvan.

"Discord I hate—so I declare
My friend and colleague on that chair
Once did the alehouse tankards bear"—
Sneered RYAN of Dungarvan.

"Mild language, too. I greatly prize;
If any one this fact denies
I must remark he foully lies"—
Roared RYAN of Dungarvan.

O MORES!—Farewell to the adjective *gallant* as a prefix to "little Wales," for no longer can it justly be used in such conjunction! The *British Lady Football Club* gave an exhibition game in Cardiff, and the inhabitants, says the *South Wales Daily News*, gathered in their thousands to witness the display, in which they were intensely interested. But—*horribile dictu*—whenever a fair *footeress* "came a cropper, the crowd, *of course, shouted with glee*"! *Of course!* When a recreant male sustains a fall, what expressions of tender solicitude burst from the sympathetic lady-spectator's lips! And this her reward! If any of our Gallic neighbours had been present at the match to hear those rude, derisive "*shouts of glee*," their comment, most probably, would have been—

"Gallois—mais pas galant!"

INJURED INNOCENCE.—A Bristol paper lately suggested that possibly some local butcher might have bought some of the thousands of sheep brought from Montreal in the *Memphis* steamship. The very idea of such a thing has scandalised the local trade, and a butcher wrote to repel the vile aspersion. The paper says:—

It is refreshing to hear from this subscriber in the trade that, after trying it once some years ago, he has never had a bit of foreign meat in his shop since. We are afraid we must not give his name, though he is one of the best known butchers in Bristol.

This is excellent. Why should not local bodies everywhere give prizes to butchers who sell no foreign meat? It would be protection, somebody objects? Yes, it would be rank protection to the meat-consumer, and as such it is never likely to be adopted.

MANSION HOUSE MEM.—If the late Lord Mayor's example of entertaining as shown in the BARNATO Banquet is to be followed, the guests on such occasions will be known as "The latest copy of 'RENALS' Miscellany.'"

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